



B
U
R
R



LEHIGH UNIVERSITY
MAY 1 1961
LIBRARY

blue



bright



dark brown



play



slow



mornings

HERE'S the February morning when the hot-water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make an 8 o'clock—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

Eight out of ten Americans count on that blade to deliver a satisfactory, comfortable shave 365 mornings in the year, and it *does*, regardless of conditions.

Tomorrow morning may be fair or rainy, wintry or mild. Slip a *fresh* Gillette Blade in your razor and get a smooth, comfortable shave anyway. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

*Every day you
have a different
face to shave • •*

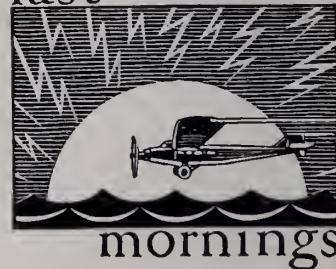
hot



cold



fast



pay day



work



* Gillette *



THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

Our Advertisers

Arrow Collars

Tom Bass

Bethlehem Foundry and Machine Co.

Bethlehem Globe-Times

Bethlehem National Bank

Bethlehem Steel Company

Brooks Brothers

Chesterfield

College Humor

College Shop

Dietrich's

Farr's Shoes

Finchley

First National Bank

Gier Jewelry Shop

Gillette Safety Razor,

Hafner Meat Market

C. Elwood Hager

Hess Brothers

Hotel Americus

Hotel Bethlehem

Johnny's Barber Shop

Lehigh News Agency

Lehigh University

Life Savers, Inc.

Max's Smoke Shop

McClintic-Marshall

Mealey Auditorium

Rau & Arnold

Sanders-Reinhardt

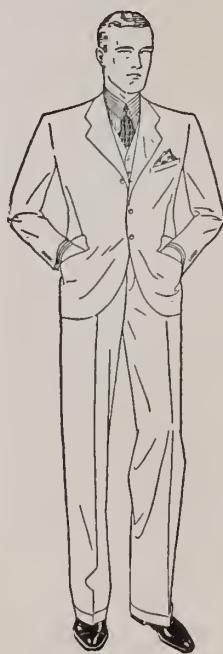
Supply Bureau

E. P. Wilbur Trust Co.

Wee Tea Room

Wood & Doty

Young's Drug Stores



READY

COMPLETE SELECTIONS OF MERCHANTISE, FOR THE AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1929, ARE NOW ON REVIEW. THE VARIOUS IMPORTANT AND INCIDENTAL FEATURES OF DRESS ADHERE TO THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND WORTH ASSOCIATED WITH THE WORK OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT, AND IT IS HOPE THAT UPON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FINCHLEY REPRESENTATIVE TO YOUR COMMUNITY YOU WILL AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACQUAINT YOURSELF WITH THE VARIOUS ARTICLES PRESENTED.

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishment

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

AMERICUS HOTEL

Sixth and Hamilton Streets, Allentown, Pa.

LARGEST AND NEWEST HOTEL
IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY

325 ROOMS - 325 BATHS

Large Main Dining Room, Grille, Moderate-Priced Cafeteria,
Private Dining Rooms, and Large Ball Room.

Saturday Night Dances - Rainbow Room

E. D. FOWLER, Manager

Late Out Song

Late to bed, Late to rise,
Who the hell wants to be wise?
—(Blue Jacket)

“Eliza,” said a friend of the family to the old washer-woman, “have you seen Miss Edith’s fiancee?”

“No, ma’am,” she answered, “it ain’t been in the wash yet.”—(Jack-o’-Lantern)

E. P. Wilbur Trust Co.

Fourth Street and Broadway

BETHLEHEM, PA.

WARREN A. WILBUR, Chairman of Board.

FREDERICK A. HEIM, President.

DUDLEY C. RYMAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

CHAS. A. BRAMWELL, Asst. Sec'y and Treas.

HERBERT J. HARTZOG, Trust Officer and Counsel.

WM. J. TOOHEY, Asst. Trust Officer.

E. D. MILL, Asst. Title Officer.

Open Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8:30

HOTEL BETHLEHEM FIREPROOF

Offers Lehigh Students' friends and families hotel accommodations equal to that found in the largest cities

Our facilities are the best for class and fraternity dinners, banquets, etc.

HAFNER MEAT COMPANY

Dealers in

CHOICE MEATS

FIVE POINTS 347 BROADWAY
Bethlehem (South Side), Pa.

For the Best in the Line of Meats
see the

HAFNER MEAT COMPANY

Special Rates to Fraternities



HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

University Models are Authentic
They're styles set by the best dressed men in
the leading schools, as reported to
HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
by their style scouts.

Wood & Doty

637 Hamilton Street Allentown, Pa.

Johnny's Barber Shop

FOUR CHAIRS

(Next to Bethlehem Globe-Times)

DIETRICH'S
FRATERNITY
HEATING - PLUMBING
SHEET METAL WORK
McIlvain Oil Burners

15-17 WEST THIRD STREET
BETHLEHEM, PA.

School Days
(1928 Autumn Model)
School days, school days,
Flippant, fresh and fool days!
Bending of elbows and sim'lar
tasks,
Whoopee and petting and pocket
flasks.
You were the Queen of Co-ed's
Row,
I was your Highball Romeo
And you chalked on my Ford, "I
choose to go,"
When we were a couple,
A couple of supple
Young Kids—Hey! Hey!
—(Buccaneer)

Judge: "What's the matter?"
Officer: "He's stewed, your
honor."
Judge: "Can him."—(Widow)

She: "What did you say?"
He: "Nothing."
She: "Oh, of course, but what
terms did you use this time?"

EARL H. GIER
JEWELER

129 West Fourth St., Bethlehem, Pa.
(Next to Post Office)

Farr's
Custom-Built SHOES

Exclusive Agency for
"JOHNSTON & MURPHY"
"FORBUSH — SMITH"
"FOOT-JOY"
BROAD AND NEW -- BETHLEHEM

The First National Bank

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

Capital - - - - - \$ 300,000.00

Surplus - - - - - 800,000.00

Trust Fund - - - - - 2,500,000.00

R. S. TAYLOR, President

R. P. HUTCHINSON, Vice-President

THOMAS F. KEIM, Cashier

F. I. KLINKER, JESSE M. BODDER, Assistant Cashiers

M. EDW. FULMER, Trust Officer

BETHLEHEM FOUNDRY AND MACHINE COMPANY

General Founders and Machinists

CHEMICAL PLANT EQUIPMENT
CEMENT MILL MACHINERY
"WEDGE" ROASTING FURNACES

Bethlehem, Penna.

Dentist (peeping out of office): "Who next?"
Flapper: "I do, but this ain't the place for it!"
—(The Owl)

Sweet Young Thing (to coal man): "Did my father order some coal this morning?"
Coalman: "This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell."
S. Y. T.: "That's fine, I'm Gladys Zell."
Coalman: "So am I."—(Malteaser)

THE COLLEGE SHOP

Lehigh's Most Exclusive
Men's Shop



UNEXCELLED SERVICE
TO COLLEGE MEN



Cor. Fourth and Vine Streets

John J. Gasdaska, Prop.

U. of P. '23

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

Offers Four-Year Courses in
Arts and Science
Business Administration
Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Metallurgical Engineering
Mining Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Chemistry
Engineering Physics
Industrial Engineering

For Information Address

G. B. CURTIS, Registrar
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Member American Telegraph Florist

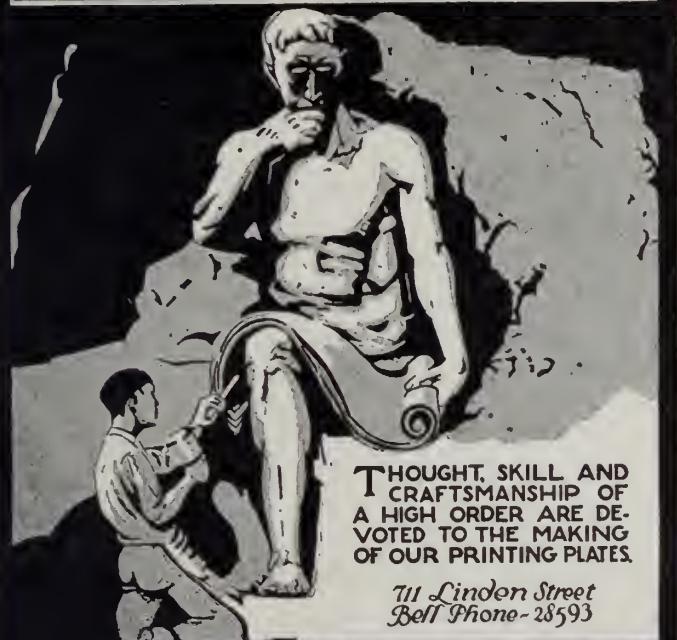
Foulsham THE FLORIST

BRIGHTON STREET
Bethlehem, Pa.

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man: "Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes; you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"—(Puppet)

Sanders-Reinhardt co. inc. Photo - Engravers



THOUGHT, SKILL AND
CRAFTSMANSHIP OF
A HIGH ORDER ARE DE-
VOTED TO THE MAKING
OF OUR PRINTING PLATES.

711 Linden Street
Bell Phone-28593

ALLEN TOWN, PENNA.

"That certainly is a nasty-sounding cough that you have!"

"I got that from riding around too much in the early morning air. It's a whoopee-ing cough."
—(Flamingo)

"I say, Arbutus, knowest thou what has four arms and four legs and can stretch, but can't walk?"

"Nay, Horatio, what strange animal is this, forsooth?"

"Why, two suits of woolen underwear, thou nit-wit."—(Pointer)

When better whoopee is made we know a lot of people who'll make it.—(Judge)

Collitch Boy: "Honey, your lips are damp with the dew of passion."

Chorine: "Sonny boy, I don't mind the grey skies, but that ain't dew — it's don't."—(Black and Blue Jay)

Customer: "Mince pie, too."

Waiter: "Only apple, sir. You know it's been a hard year on the minces."

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN

WITH the new college year, College Humor greets its audience and pulls back the velvet curtains on a stage alive with beauty, gayety, movement and humor.

Its principals are the wittiest satirists and most modern dramatists of the season: Walter Winchell, Eric Hatch, Charleson Gray, James Aswell, George Brooks, Lynn and Lois Montross, Don Herold, Arthur T. Munyan, F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Morley Callaghan and Westbrook Pegler.

Short, sophisticated sketches will alternate with such romances as ONE LOVELY MORON by Lucian Cary, the exciting adventures of a beautiful girl and a young professor who packed a gun; COLOSSUS by Holworthy Hall, a new triangular situation of a professional football player in love with three co-eds; and NAVY WIVES by Whitman Chambers, in which post-Annapolis officers and their idle brides meet tragedy and love at a tropical submarine base.

Listen to the music; watch youth whirl across the stage on diamond heels, skirts flashing; laugh with the comedians and smile at your generation, satirized and burlesqued. Here we have blended sentiment and romance with scepticism and mad clowning.

Announcement to All College, prep and high school students MAJESTIC --- COLLEGE HUMOR ESSAY CONTEST

Win one of Grigsby-Grunow's gorgeous prizes—five Majestic Electric Radios—for your fraternity or sorority houses.

The best five hundred word essays on "Why We Bought a Majestic Radio" or "Why Our Next Radio Will Be a Majestic" will receive these five radios.

First Prize—New Majestic Combination Radio and Electric Phonograph.

Contest closes November tenth. Address all essays to The Contest Editor, Grigsby-Grunow Company, 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

General Offices: BETHLEHEM, PA.

IRON AND STEEL PRODUCTS

PLANTS AT

Bethlehem, Lebanon, Steelton, Johnstown and Coatesville, Penna.
Wilmington, Del., Sparrows Point, Md., and Lackawanna, N. Y.

LEHIGH NEWS AGENCY

SAMUEL WILSON, Prop.

Wholesalers of

Magazines - Newspapers - Novelties

NEW ST., NEAR FOURTH

Exclusive Distributors of The Lehigh Burr
in Bethlehem

THE LEHIGH BURR

is sold in Pittsburgh, Newark, N. J., New York
City and Philadelphia. Also at the following
stores and newsstands:

Colonial Tobacco Store, Broad and Main Sts.
Lehigh Supply Bureau
Lehigh News Agency, 329 South New Street
J. W. Britton, 533 Main Street
E. F. Frantz, 1035 Linden Street
Gallagher Drug Store, 602 West Broad Street
Ruth's Chocolate Shop
O. C. Schaffer, 801 Main Street
Lehigh Valley Railroad Station
Young's Drug Store, 4th Street and Broadway
United Cigar Store, Fourth and New Streets
E. A. Lanahan, 353 Broadway
Max's Smoke Shop, 119 West Fourth Street
Snyder's Drug Store, Fourth and New Streets
Lehigh Smoke Shop, 304 Broadway
United Cigar Store, Third and New Streets

Single Copies, Thirty Cents

Lee: "You are the light of my life."

Lauralee: "Ah, yes, and if you would forsake me I would go out—with other men."—(Claw)

I didn't mean to love you,
I wanted just a friend;
But now that I have kissed you
I cannot just pretend.
—(Pointer)

Yeah?

"I see where an eminent card player just got twin babies."

"Yes, his partner doubled his bid."—(Cornell Widow)

Shy Youth: "Do you love me?"
Pretty Maiden: "I love everybody."

Shy Youth: "Aw! Let God do that—we should specialize."—(Pelican)

FEATURING

COLLEGE CLOTHES

Meeting the Demand
and Particular Taste of
Good Dress

HESS BROTHERS
ALLENTOWN, PA.



ASSORTED

LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XXXX

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NUMBER ONE

LLOYD D. SIMONSON, '30 Editor-in-Chief	HENRY ROHRS, '30 Business Manager
J. LELAND MYER, '30 Managing Editor	LOUIS E. BRETTNER, '31 Art Editor
ROBERT A. HERBRUCK, '30 Advertising Manager	ALF V. MALMROS, '31 Secretary Assistant Editor P. S. DAVIS, '31
	EDITORIAL BOARD J. H. HOLZSIU, '31 W. H. SIMCOE, '32 F. SHOEMAKER, '31
P. S. DAVIS, '31 H. T. NEWHARD, '31 R. C. BENSON, '32	ART BOARD H. BOOKER, '32 F. R. VEALE, '31
C. GIEGERICH, '32 D. D. HENDLIN, '31	MANAGERIAL BOARD H. ANDREWS, '31 D. B. STABLER, '30 S. D. ALLISON, '31
J. N. DOW, '31 E. J. JONES, '30	W. M. EYSTER, '32 D. MARKS, '32 H. T. MOSER, '31

Copyright, 1929, by The Lehigh Burr, Bethlehem, Pa.
Exclusive reprint rights granted to College Humor magazine.
Published monthly by the students of Lehigh University. Subscription, \$2.50.

The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for the editorial work and policy. The Business, Advertising, and Circulation Managers are each responsible for their respective departments. All communications should be addressed to the respective department of The Lehigh Burr, Bethlehem, Pa., which they concern. The Lehigh Burr is entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second class matter.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

CONTRIBUTORS

Austin	Booker	Beckwith
Reed	Hart	Dakin
Graham	Rodgers	Fleischer
Ackerman	Burns	Roessle
Thomas	Voss	

MYER
'30



Hello Folks—

Well, well, well! Wee Burro is sure glad to see so many new smiling, cheery faces, to hear happy peals of boisterous laughter, and the pitter-patter of many small freshmen feet. Are we glad to have the new class? Whoops! We'll say so!

For a while during rushing season we wondered where all the frosh were, but now we know that they were kept in the fraternity cellars. Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Think of it, Folks, it's too late now. Every stray freshman has been rushed, black-jacked, and button-holed. "Ah, me," quoth an Alumnus we know, "it were never so in my day!" We wonder. Now that the grinding wheels of industry and the slipping cogs of the University have successfully started, Wee Burro expects—as Patrick Henry said—"Every man to do his duty." That is: let's have bigger and better Phi Betes in the freshman class.

Uh, huh, we've seen the freshmen on the bridge already. It looks like a big year. Every night the hum of "U-Drive-It's" keeps Wee Burro awake. An' those Bethlehem gals—a little here 'n there—'nough said. Editorial shoulders busy shoveling useless dirt heave a sigh. Don't tell 'em you're seniors, frosh. Remember that little black cap.

'Sno use, freshmen have to be educated, but even so, it still looks like a big year!

WEE BURRO

Memoirs—

Hence vain deluding joys, the brood of Folly without father bred, for another summer has passed—gone are the three all

too short months of riotous whoopee, gone are the lazy days of luxurious leisure, gone are the nights of—what have you? and in their stead has come "Loathed Melancholy" with her memories of sunlight slumber and moonlight madness—memories that fill every hour, at least every hour spent in the classroom, memories of days spent in a pair of trunks, stretched out on a warm, sun-scorched beach, with the only girl in the world. An occasional dip, but mostly just lying on the beach—the speed boat races—the moonlight sails with that only girl—water gently lapping the hull of that romantic little sloop—the dances that lasted all night—that colored orchestra with its sensuous rhythm—the muffled beat of the tom-tom—the weird growls of the muted trumpet and trombone—and the soft crooning of the harmonizing saxophones—the wild auto rides after the dances or sometimes just you and that "only" girl slyly slinking along in the old man's Packard roadster under that soothing sentimental moon—meeting the dawn too soon—finally finding the way to bed and sleep—waking at noon—that damnable hangover—black coffee—more swimming—or a horseback ride over the fields—chasing that rabbit across country—the jump—holding your breath—safe on the other side losing the fool rabbit—then the two weeks cruise—wearing a pair of pants only for two weeks—away from all women—growing a beard—sailing day and night—getting off the course—compass must be off—wondering just where you were—shooting

the sun to find out—sun wouldn't shoot—sailing on and on and on—finally home to clean clothes, a shave, and wine, women, and song once more. The fond pater's sudden decision to take you west where men are men and women are awful damn scarce—the endless four-day ride on the train starting with a load of ancient business men and ending with a load of Montana mutton trainers, but nary a comely wench—the arrival at the ranch—disappointing cowboys resembling New York taxi drivers—the wild horses of the west which proved to be so many battered Fords—the rodeo that ended in a grand battle between the cowboys and the judges—the wild Indians that spoke perfect English—the longing for a face with a little paint and powder on it—the old man's decision to take an airplane home—accepting your fate like a man and entering a huge airplane—wondering why they put straps on all the seats—the cabinboy that kept asking you if you felt all right and who gave you cotton to put in your ears—the infernal noise—finally landing right side up after many strains on the heart—home again to find bad news from the fraternity to the effect that you must be back in two days for rushing—damn the freshmen—hastily packing anything into your decrepit flivver and setting out on that one lone working cylinder—arriving at the house—vigorous handshaking—greeting the old gang—a thousand questions—how do the frosh look—any of them sewed up—dumb as ever, but some good material—how's our chan—
(Continued on Page 22)



ORIGIN OF THE DINK

Naturally Freshmen will imitate, but it was long ago when there were no Freshman rules, and matches had not been invented. Let us remind you that the Iron hat had always been here on earth, like so many other unnecessary evils. And for the purposes of this story, it is very essential that the Iron hat was in vogue. Well, you see, it wuz this way. It appears that way, way back at the University of Cairo one of the Seniors was going out to nurse a heavy date — really Cleopatra's maid in waiting. So he puts on the dog, naturally. He sends one of the Frosh to the corner drug store for a can of Fixem Slick, the ancestor of Hair Bloom. Like all Frosh, this one puts on an application on trial. However, the clerk had wrapped up a can of Le Page's glue by mistake. And the unlucky Frosh, on trying to remove his Iron hat, found it necessary to leave the small black lining on his head, to carry same for the entire year. The results were so pleasing, and the appearance so novel and befitting, that it became a good college custom at grand old Cairo. And so to this day, the noble and all-too-little-respected dink.

Prof.: "Quick, get me that high-powered microscope."
 Stude: "What have you there?"
 Prof.: "I think I've discovered a Freshman's brain."

According to pure science, it's not the paddle that does the dirty work, but the reaction to the motion of said paddle. Of course you couldn't make a Frosh understand this.

Prof.: "I want you guys to get an 'Introduction to General Physics' before the next class meeting."

Frosh: "Where's he live?"

And what of the Frosh who thought a city slicker was a rain coat?

32: "Hey, you're reading that book upside down."

33: "'Sall right, the Prof said to read it from several angles."

It has come time when once again
 We greet the Freshman class,
 With fist and book and paddle strong
 We get in contact as they pass.

Oh Freshman, Freshman, very fresh,
 What makes that little dink stick?
 With a total vacuum underneath,
 Atmospheric pressure does the trick.

Gems from Froshland

From lands afar the Freshmen come,
 From home and all that's dear,
 To seek what others sought of yore,—
 Knowledge on the hillside here.

May they seek for four long years,
 Then gently break the news—
 There ain't no more to learn,
 Itelya,
 Let's have a jug of booze.

A Boston physician, of great repute,
Says kissing is only a substitute.
In fifty years, osculation
Will be a thing of last generation.

In fifty years they may not enjoy
The sight of a girl kissing a boy—
Platonic friendship between fond pairs;
But in fifty years who the hell cares?

I just love the girls who never kiss,
Who always answer "No";
Of course they don't know what they miss,
I try to tell them so.

But I have a trick I think quite new,
My beauties seldom like it;
I never ask them if they do,
But kiss them first. They like it.

If all the rushing talks were shovelled into a pile, they would provide enough fertilizer for all the waste lands of Siberia.

A letter that a Freshman was writing home was found, and here's part of it:

"..... and, gee, mom, I went to a show last night where Clara Bow was playing. Boy, mom, I wish I had a girl like her!"

"No, I won't forget my long underwear, or rubbers, or my woolen muffer. You mentioned something else, but I don't think I have to, Mom. I just did take one last week.

Your loving son, Gerald."

Don't READ This!

If the public was worried, several years ago, about "taking care of the caretaker's daughter, when he was busy taking care," how about the plight of the bar-tender's daughter, when he's busy barring Freshmen. Dear me, these Northern lights **do** hurt one's eyes!!

1st Frosh: "Was your initiation a speedy one?"
2nd Ditto: "Naw, only about 30 whacks an hour."



"Say, Jimmy, since you got your wife that triple mirror, does she dress more quickly?"

"Ye gods no! It takes her just about three times as long."

Dear Beatrice Flareflax:

Iota Delta good hand (with three decks up my sleeve), but after I Beta months allowance I Lamda straight in his hand and gave him the pot with a Psi. D. U. think it best Phi should stick to good clean fun?

Engineering vs. Art

Love is not in Mathematics,
What does Eros know of steel?
Beauty flees from Graphic Statics,
Calculus is not genteel.

Poets can't do Analyt,
Painters don't use Bridge Design,
Byron would have had a fit
If he'd had to drill a mine.

What use was Geology
To the great musician, Mozart;
Down with Mineralogy,
Engineering versus Art.



Tourist: "I am looking for a small man with a monocle."

Cockney: "If 'e's a very small man, lidy, why doncher use a microscope?"

By a Freshman during a Moment of Thought (With apologies to Barnum)

Three thousand years ago, or was it in 1917? Anyway, whenever it was and when whoever it was said it—which person was Mark Antony or at least King Tut—but whichever said it who maybe didn't say it, said, "Shoot at this old gray flag, but spare my country's head." Somehow in the target (it might have been batting) practice which followed this heroic sob (for the sake of rhythm I use sob which rhymes with target, but who really was a scream. No, not the guy who may or may not have uttered these stirring-up words, but the sob that was not a sob but something else. The dodo which offered his head to three balls for a dime gets a swell, perhaps it was a swelling one, anyway it was a crack, or no, it wasn't one of them, but it was a closed crack with a lump on it where the crack what was something else was before the other thing came where the crack never was.

But I'm getting off my tail, perhaps its trail or maybe tale which I autohave kept on with when I got off where the station I got off at wasn't there, but which was ten miles up the track either way you walked, or if you rode it was that way 2. But that's another trail who can be exslugged (that might be expounded if it wasn't something else which also is wrong and not what it's supposed to be. The editor's note whom I (short for we) put out from this Arcticke when the writer's union says no he can't say nothing where he's not supposed to say something at which 1 place as he didn't pay last year's dues, is not in this story no more.

I'm getting my mind or maybe it's the place where they made the mistake and never put nothing, mixed up as I recently stopped at a roadhouse —no—that's another story I was supposing of. Anyway, as I was talking of, I ended without no period or rather at a place where no period was put to wait for me when I got there, if ever.

Furthermore, since maybe my articke who is my 1st since I left Plunkin Center, at which flagstop I was a author of note, perhaps therefor if all this is what it is supposed to stand for then this work won't get in the Lehigh Mule, or is it the Jackass, which magazine is not allowed to print serious manuscripts. But just the same I sincerely endorse this story as if it was as good as if maybe somehow it was written by Ed. J. Cation, which man did not write it 'cause it was me.

A Wet One

"What's the little girl's name?"

"Helen Bales."

"She ought to be a good one to take out for a boat ride."



"Hazel and I had an interesting literary discussion that lasted all evening."

"She wouldn't let me neck her either."

A certain Scotchman was about to become a father for the first time, and it happened that he was called out of town that week. Before he left he told the butler to send him a telegram after the child had been born, telling him all the details. The butler fixed up the telegram, only to realize that its cost was much more than his Scotch master would want to pay.

"What is the cheapest telegram I can send?"

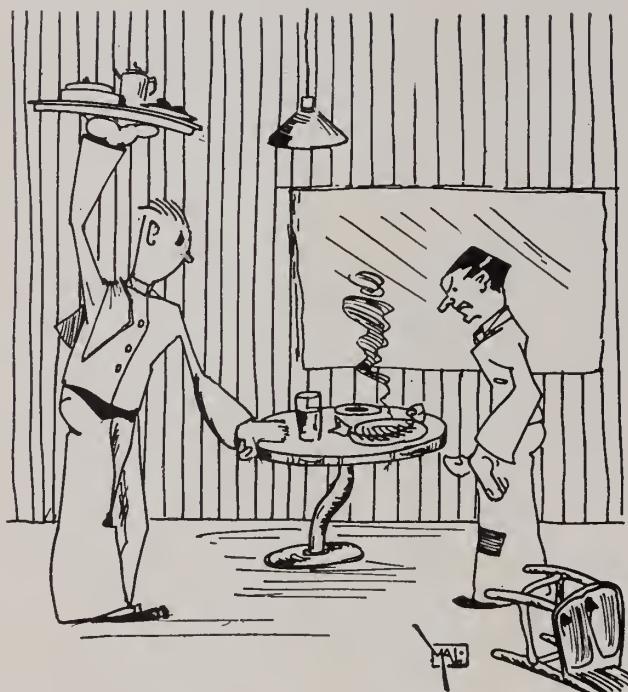
"Thirty cents for four words," replied the clerk. The servant sent the following wire:

**"MOTHER'S FEATURES,
FATHER'S FIXTURES."**

Lu: "May must be an awful stud — she admits she doesn't know how many minutes are in an hour."

Wheez: "Well, I don't know. Sometimes it takes a couple of hours to make a 'Big Moment'."

My room-mate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty. Well, personally, I don't enjoy such a large audience either.



Customer: "Mince pie, too."

Waiter: "Only apple, sir. You know it's been a hard year on the minces."

"BLACK-JACKED" OR "A FRESHMAN'S FREEDOM"

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Time—Rushing season.

Place—The Eta Pi Fraternity, "one of them there big eatin' clubs on this here campus."

Characters—A freshman, 'n "the big frat' guys."

ACT ONE

"I'm awful glad t' know you, Mr. Swithers. Fine weather 'n all that, isn't it? Don't you think this is a fine campus? You know we have a lot of fine fraternities too. Yes, sir! Now take ours here for instance—. Oh, yes, I forgot—Wellington's my name. C. K. S. Alfred Wellington from New York, you know. There's the bell. Let's eat!"

Bong (the bell, of course).

"Fellas I'd like y' to meet Mr. Swithers. He's gonna be with us a few days anyhow. Mr. Swithers this is Mr. Okum, Mr. Hoskins, Freswald, Sackson, Lankworth, Mc. Whatnot, Long, Short, White, Black, and Whosis."

Chorus—"Glad t' know you!"

ACT TWO

"Mr. Swithers, you don't mind if I call you Felix, do you? Heh! Heh! Yeh, that's lots better. Well, um,— now that we're alone I'd like ta tell

you about the fraternity. You know we've got the best bunch of fellows on the campus! We've got the best bunch of big men on the campus too. Why, fella, we've got two dozen lettermen, and a flock of editors. 'N national standing too! You want to hook up with a bunch that's known everywhere. Why, if you were a brother 'n were in Walla Walla, you could walk into our chapter 'n feel at home. Think of it—anywhere! Well, you like all the fellows too I know, and they say—."

ACT THREE

"You say you're not so sure, 'n you don't know whether you're old man 'll want you to join? Oh, he'll be crazy to have you hook up with a dandy bunch like we have here, I'm sure. Tell yuh what—you just put this little button on and think it over!"

What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear

My room-mate is considered well dressed, and he wears my clothes.



"JOHN HELD? — NO!"

Folks, Lookie! Lookie! Here we have the type of letter every lovesick Freshman should write to his ball and chain. This was written by the only human being that smokes and looks like a man. Ladees and genulman, you should gaze upon this bronzed athlete, this cruel heart-breaking fellow, who leaves 'em all flat. His motto is, "Like many, love few, but always have a pleasant How-do-you-do. Just at present he is interested in a beautiful demoiselle in his old home town. You should hear the brute telling her where to get off. He aspires to be a street-car conductor after graduating from his Alma Mater. That's that, and here goes for just a few lines from the pen of that master of letter writers:

"Honey, when Bill and me got to Bethlehem we went to see Lehigh for the first time. It is High Up on a Hill-Top Down In The Lehigh Valley. I says, 'Here We Are,' and Bill says, 'Hallelujah, Let's Do Something.' But I wanted to write to you, Glad Rag Doll, and Bill said, 'I Kiss Your Hand, Madame.' I said, 'Don't Be Like That.'

"Baby, I Love You, Sweetheart of All My Dreams. How I Miss You To-Night; I Remember that One Sweet Kiss you gave me On The Back Porch In the Evening before I did the Breakaway, and you whispered Lover Come Back To Me. I Can't give You Anything But Love, Baby, and When My Dreams Come True Right Out Of Heaven I'll Tell The World. Oh, Sweetheart, this Collegiate racket would be Half-Way To Heaven If I Had You. You Were Meant For Me, Chiquita, and Little By Little we'll be Makin' Whoopee In Our Little Cottage of Love, and you'll be my One In The World.

"Just Imagine This Is Heaven and you are not Too Tired after reading all this Bologna. If so, Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella now that The Song is Ended.

Forever and Always,
Sonny Boy."

With opening of college days
Fraternities are all the craze,
And humble freshmen small and
meek
For their lapels a pledge pin
seek.

Dame Rumor says that D. K. E.
Is the leader in Fraternity,
While Alpha Delt and Phi Psi
too
Are numbered among the chosen
few.

But as for me, I'm sorely prest
To know which of them is best,
So if a frat man I must
be
I think I'll pledge
M. S. & T.



Oh! Isabelle's a wondrous girl,
With teeth of imitation pearl,
And shining eyes that seem to say —
Murine is how we got this way.

Her lips, the color of a rose,
That's buried 'neath last winter's snows,
And for her legs eternal bliss;
God knows the way they got like this.

But if you see her from afar,
You'll know her by her Packard car,
With grace, and speed, and lines devine;
Hands off, dear friends, that girl—is mine!

Her father was only a tailor, but how her lips impressed me!

FIRST WEEK BACK

"Good gosh, I'm back in school, old hot potato himself, and to think that Ann won't give me a date—says she doesn't even remember me—and to think I was the one that had her so warm and worried that she wrote down my name and address—well, I didn't want a date with her anyway."

"Now, I might as well call Helen—Locust 128-R Helen—Helen—this is Bob—sure that's the Bob up at the A and P house,—how about a date? All set—great. Gee, I'll certainly be glad to see you again—what you want, do tell me a joke?—is it dirty—oh, only oiled at the corners—all right—. No, I won't repeat it in the Burr—no indeed—they don't publish jokes anymore."

"Well, Babe, you must have been reading things to tell me jokes like that—oh—doing things—gee, I'll be right over. Do I still have the Cadillax? No, I never had a car—but—hello—hello Helen—hello—Hell—I didn't want a date anyway."

There stands he on the corner,
A jest for everyone.
Why is it this poor boy
The modern maidens shun?
No one flirts with him at all,
He's welcome as a pimple,
It's 'cause he's just a Freshman,
A Freshman, pure and simple.



"I see you're a pledge."
"Oh no, that's gravy there."



Advice to Freshmen car drivers: Keep your eyes, and not your hands, on the curves.

Twenty Years Ago

A mouse that ran across the floor
Would cause a girl to faint,
About twenty years ago.
She didn't know what rouge was for
And never heard of paint,
Twenty years ago.
A bathing girl upon the beach
Would stay within the life-guard's reach,
And hoopskirts floated in the breeze.
Why! Men never knew that girls had knees,
But that was twenty years ago.

The girl that wasn't in by ten
Would lose her happy home,
Some twenty years ago.
She never had a date with men
Without a chaperon,
Oh—twenty years ago.
Girls never saw a rumble seat
And hardly ever had sore feet,
While father spanked poor little Ann
When he caught her kissing the hired man,
But that was twenty years ago.

Why, girls could cook and prepare food
And never even heard of Freud,
Twenty years ago.
Always sang ballads and danced minuets,
Never carried their own cigarettes,
Twenty years ago.
These old-fashioned girls now wear snappy
clothes,
With turned-down hose and turned-up nose;
She'll tell you she is just sixteen,
A second look and it's easily seen,
That was twenty years ago.

Hugh F. Burns, '30.

It happened at the busiest intersection in Allentown. A beautiful young woman with all the pulsing eagerness of her heart's desire written in every curve of her exquisite face—a man, coldly aloof, impersonal as fate, turned his back on her pleadings, his very attitude saying that she was just another woman to him. It was dreadful to see a woman with her beauty and brains and wealth brought to this. She seemed not to care that she had met with a public rebuff, her eyes were fixed on him with the same humble eagerness, pleading for just one moment of his attention, one favoring glance from those dark brown eyes. Unconsciously she extended one slim white hand in wistful appeal.

Perhaps the burning intensity of her look influenced him against his will. Perhaps in spite of himself he visualized that slim appealing hand. More likely, he simply wanted to be done with her, get her out of his way. Cynic that he was, he knew there would be another just as eager, just as pleading, just as beautiful. Another, and another, and another.

Slowly he turned. An expression of unbelieving ecstasy made her eyes brilliant and her lips curved into a radiant smile at his recognition. After all the hopeless waiting she was to be rewarded. He held out his arm. All heart-breaking slights forgotten, she went toward him.

The traffic cop had signaled her to proceed.

"Take her," exclaimed the old man about to give up his daughter in marriage to the handsome youth waiting anxiously.

"Take her," he roared. It was the biggest moment in the old fellow's life—this parting.

"Take her," he shouted as the perspiration stood beady on his brow. Never before had excitement and anguish so affected him.

"Take her," he bellowed once more, "take her RING and get the Hell out of here!"

A Sunday-school teacher was getting the names of her pupils. She turned to a little fellow in the third row and said, "Sonny, what is your name?" The young hopeful replied, "My name is Peter, but I'm not Peter the Apostle."

The next gentleman in question sang out, "My name is Paul, but I'm not Paul the Disciple."

The teacher now turned to a little girl and said, "Now, what is your name, dear? The little girl answered shyly, "My name is Mary, but I'm not the _____!"

"He's always getting something for nothing."
"Oh, another college comic editor."

The frosh arrived just one week early
And found themselves in a hur-
ly-burly,
They went to classes and took
exams
And maybe had dinner with the
Kappa Gams.

They were wined and dined —
found time to sing,
In fact they lived the life of
kings,
But now it's over and school has
started,
And from these ways the men
have parted.

They wear a dink, black sox,
and tie,
To be very humble is all they
try,
And as a warning let me
say,
The Sophs are bound to have
their day!



Getting the proper slant on things—.



THE REASON SOME FRESHMEN WILL ALWAYS BE FRESH—MEN

Jo Mope sez: "She wouldn't kiss me in the canoe, so I had to paddle her back."—(Exchange)

Dentist: "Next! Who's waited the longest?"
 Tailor: "I've waited two years for yuh t' pay for that suit! Is that long enough?"

They call him George—he was the fifth.

She: "Don't you like my new ensemble?"
 He: "I'll say! But you have a run in one of them."

To-Day's Math. Problem

If pretzels sold for a dollar a pound and Lehigh was a co-ed school, how many cornflakes would it take to paint the dome of the Capitol Building at Washington?

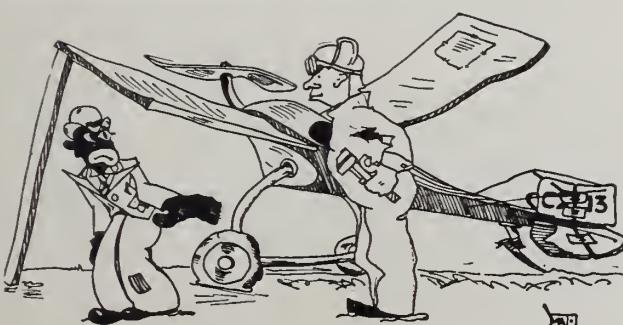
WHO'D A THUNK IT?

The easiest position at Lehigh is that of water-boy
to the swimming team.
Collegiate cars will run.
Some Frosh have sense as well as cents.
Some books are cheap.
Road-Commissions are expert at making bumps
out of holes.
Some Lehigh students graduate with their class.
A sophomore got to class on time.
Some upper-class men go to Chapel, but not often.
Collegiate movies accurately portray college life as
pictured by the public.
There is a Hello Habit at Lehigh.
Babies don't cry for Castoria.
There are no such things as pink elephants, lavender
snakes, white mules, good gin, or good pop.
There was once a snap course.
A man once married a woman who never talked
too much, threw heavy objects at him, shot at
him, proved unfaithful, or asked for money.
The hubby died of boredom.
So will the reader of this.

—
Alright kiddies, just put away
your firearms and gather 'round
the gas logs. Ol' Uncle Ned is
going to chortle a wheeze to put
you to sleep.

"Once upon a time there were
two Scots. And now look at
them all."

"To-morrow night Uncle Ned
will show you some nifty card
tricks with rabbits."



"Have you ever seen a rubber cat?"
"No, have you?"
"Sure. Rubber and she purrs."



Even tho Alphonse looks dumb, he has the
scents of a polecat.

Ode to a Night-in-Jail

They found me on the bar-room floor,
Behind the bar-room bar,
That's why I thirst within this cell,
And smoke a black cigar.

With iron bars they tempt me now—
It's hell to be in jail,
To scrub bare floors with bars of soap,
When once you shined a rail.

No legal bar can quench my thirst.
It's tough to be so far
From the boys back home; from the milky foam,
Barred from the bar-room bar!

A FRESHMAN'S RIDE

Got up this morning—found all my clothes tied in knots. These fellows sure are funny around here.

"Hello Jack. What do we have for breakfast? Eggs? Again eggs, ha-ha!"

"Sure Tom, eggs—but before you go down, will you kindly bend over and tie my shoe-lace?"

A sharp stinging feeling on the tail gives me the faint impression that I have been stroked with a paddle. Yes, upon close investigation I find that I have really been paddled.

"How about some breakfast, Tom?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't think of it—you know how I detest sitting—I really ____."

There, now, I think the boys are carrying things too far—so far, in fact, that I have been carried into the center of town and had to walk back in only my B. V. D.'s, no less. And when I fell down those steps I distinctly felt someone shoved me—say, do you know, I believe I'm going for a ride.

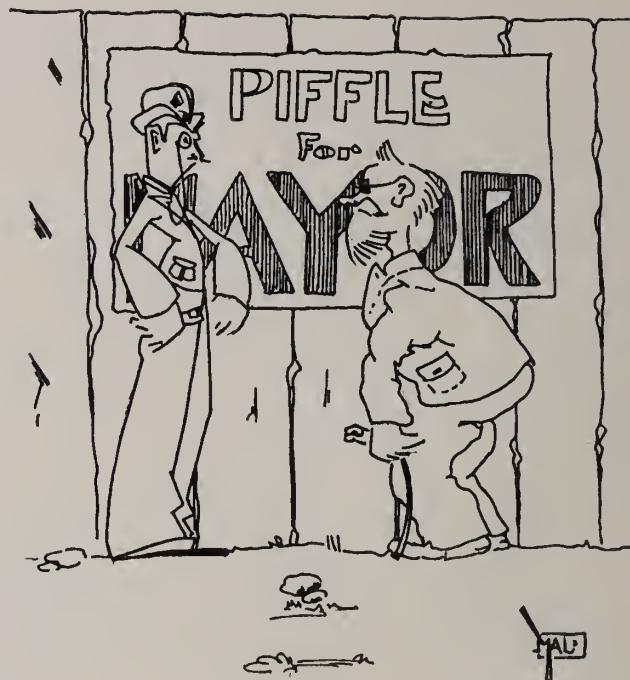
Frosh: "Will I join your fraternity? I should say not! I wouldn't live in a house that only cost \$95,000.00. The fraternity was only founded in 1807, the meals are foul, and besides I think the pins are too flashy!"

(The police are dragging the river for his body.)



"How did you learn to walk the tight rope?
Just pick it up yourself?"

"Oh, no—it has to be taught."—(Exchange)



LOCAL TALENT

"So your son had an auto accident?"
"Oh no, that's the car he had at Lehigh!"

Her face was her fortune—and what a figure!

Long: "Y' wouldn't stoop t' hit me? Would y'?"
Short: "I wouldn't need to!"

Marie-Ooch sez: "Be true to your teeth, or they'll be false to you."

Marie-Ooch sez: "'S better ta' have loved a short man than never ta've loved a' tall."

Mopey Joe, the boy blunder, says: "It's better to be sunburned on your vacation than tanned on your week-end."

The Life of Burrette

Chapter IV.

So far: Burrette has been born. Abikanezzer, greatest rajah of the kingdom of Helno and namer of the child, has gone to Maine to present Burrette with a gift; namely, Marie, youngest member of his great family. During their first night in Maine, Robert, chauffeur, and Sue, one of "Abi's" latest favorites, stage a scene at an appropriate parking space.

Continue with the story: It was fully twelve o'clock, if not two minutes after, when Robert arose from his bed. He had partially recovered from his workout the previous night, but his throat was still sore from where Sue had twisted her foot, trying to disembark her member. The lateness of his rising did not worry the chauffeur, because he was sure that his master would not be up before late afternoon, inasmuch as a harem tires one man out much more than one woman tires one man out (sometimes).

But Abikanezzer, he being accustomed to such strenuous exercise daily, had already dined. Not only that, but he also had learned about the "date" between Sue and Robert.

As Bob entered the room, he saw his latest siren standing beside "Abi".

The lecture which followed will not be printed, except that "Abi" said:

"You have both been untrue and untrustworthy to me. I must fire you, Robert, and I will release Sue from my harem."

"Nothing could be more cruel to me, master, than to be released from your service, but I beg, do not cast this defenseless, innocent, fair girl out into the wicked world that lies beyond your kingdom."

"Let me go with you," begged Sue. "Abikanezzer is so much taken up by his other women of the harem that he can not give me the time and satisfaction that I crave and which you alone can give me."

"You shall both depart and go out into the world together," commanded Abikanezzer.

(To be Continued.)

We shed a tear for the professional golfer whose caddy stood behind a tree and gave him a "birdie" on every hole.

Then there is the A. M. Prof. who put syrup on his class book and took a pancake to class.

Freshmen getting off the train,
Looks of dumbness very plain;
Young and eager trusting faces,
Full of wonder at seeing places;
A few arrived in search of
knowledge,
But most of them just came to
college.

Here lies the body of freshman
Plink
Who forgot his matches and
lost his dink.



"Oh yes, the days are always longer in the summer — you see the heat expands them."



He: "Wot ya doin' with the fly-paper?"
 He—He: "Makin' a kite!"

SHORT REVIEWS ON SHOWS

The Cock-Eyed World—The evils of drink.
Side Street—Speak-easies in New York.
Murder on the Second Floor—Story of a saxophone player in an apartment.
Remote Control—Tragedy of back-seat driving.

REVIEW OF REVUES

The Sketch Book

Dig out the rocks, boys, and see a zippy, peppy, up-to-date revue called "Sketch Book," now playing at Earl Carroll's Theatre in New York. See dancing, prancing, wise-cracking Will Mahoney do his stuff amid a bevy of the best figures in the world. Honest, he's a riot. Then there are, "The Three Sailors," who give a very clever take-off of a ham vaudeville team of acrobats. And those women, there are blondes, brunettes, red-heads, thin, plump, medium, raw, well-done, or what have you. This show, written by Eddie Cantor and produced by Earl Carroll, is really a good proposition, so don't muffle it the next time you hit the lights.

The Little Show

Clifton Webb, posing and still as sophisticated as ever, is still playing in "The Little Show," in New York. A few good songs, Moanin' Low and What Have You—some snakey dancing by Clifton Webb—a mediocre chorus—a humorous monologuist named Fred Allen—and you have a pretty fair idea of this show. There is only one outstanding scene, and that is the last. In this scene Clif Webb does a great dance with this "Moanin' Low woman," and let me tell you it's plenty hot. The show itself should only be rated as fair.

(Continued from Editorial Page)

ces—how does the football team look—two weeks of being nice to the poor eggs—the longing for a glass of beer—trying to get them to bed—tearing out afterwards—waiting on the last day to see who shows up—classes—hell—punk profs—good profs—but classes just the same—and when does Christmas vacation start?

But once again we'll take in the Cotton Club, once again we'll clatter along the dusty highway to good old New York, once again we'll absorb the moisture of the Kinvaro Club, the Aquarium, the Film Club, once again we'll explore the most hidden dives of Harlem and the big city, and once more we'll manage to pass away another winter in hopes that another summer will hop among us. At least we'll give it a hearty welcome.

And so we're off again, we're leaving the realm of nonsense, hoping that by next month we'll have some hot dope on some new "tea houses" in Harlem or elsewhere—so until our next we're off in a cloud of—call it anything.

WEE BURRO

There are two great disillusionments which come to the Frosh: Freshman Hygiene and fraternity life the day after pledging.

Pedestrians have their rights.
 They see approaching lights.
 There are no ways for flights.
 Pedestrians have their rites.

Same Old Frosh

In days of yore
 When Freshmen wore
 Great patches on their britches,
 They were hazed, and hazed, and
 hazed, and hazed,
 And then thrown into ditches.
 Now, with all the din and fuss
 Of modern invention,
 The Sophs, they haze their man
 With very good intention?
 But, no matter whether now
 or then,
 The man they muss
 Is always the same, by gosh,
 The one they call the lowly
 Frosh.

EXCHANGES

Advice

"To inexperienced boys with 1st date."

Riding far into the night
From a country club,
A lover tried to kiss his date,
But proved himself a dub.

He took her in his brawny arms,
But here his greenness shows;
Instead of kissing cherry lips
He missed and got her nose.

She laughed at him, and he was mad
And took her straightway home;
Then he returned to the "straight and narrow"
And never more did roam.

So, gentle reader, heed this tale,
And never steal a kiss;
Unless you know your business well
Often you may miss.

— Finis —

—(Dirge)

Clare: "Why don't you see your football star any more?"

Grace: "I'm penalizing him for roughness."
—(Temple Owl)

Provide Periscopes

Wun: "Did you see the all-campus movie?"
Too: "No. I had a seat upstairs just around a curve.—(Chaparral)

Joe College has another worry: "All this hooey about women bein' equals of men is the bunk. What do you suppose would happen to a man in court if he crossed his legs and showed his garters? He'd get hung."—(Wampus)

"Do you really love me, Joe?"

"Gosh, woman, do you think I'm shadow boxing."—(Annapolis Log)

"Don't blame me for being tight, it's the Scotch in me," caroled the drunk as he handed the waiter a nickle."—(Cornell Widow)

Passion's Flower

A bunch of nit-wits without any brains,
A sleeping porch roof that leaks when it rains,
Beds that fall down if you blow on them hard,
Rubbish a foot deep out in the yard;
Pennants and paddles strung 'round the walls,
Cussing and scuffling out in the halls,
A tinny piano that sure sounds like hell—
All make the old Frat House that we know so well.—(Wampus)

Be Yourself

I think that I shall never see
An F as lovely as a B.
A B whose rounded form is pressed
Upon the records of the blessed.
An F comes easily — and yet,
It isn't easy to forget;
F's are made by fools like me,
But only God could make a B.—(Ghost)

She is so thin that she can slide through a flute without hitting a note.—(Wampus)

Why He Came To College

A Freshman came to college,
To study — nothing more.
So he had people wondering
What he came to college for.

Now he was just the sort of chap
Old-fashioned profs adore,
And he got "A's" in everything
That he came to college for.

And things continued just like that
Through his year as Sophomore;
But, he never had any dates or things
He'd not come to college for.

But one little co-ed just found out
What none had found before:
That he was a good chap in spite of what
He'd come to college for.

And so she vamped him—he fell fast,
And pretty soon he saw,
Outside of studies there were things
To come to college for.

Then he started getting "D's,"
And "F's," till the profs got sore,
And started in asking him
What he'd come to college for.

And then he failed—on the campus
His face was seen no more,
But he married her—and said he'd found
What he came to college for.

—(Wampus)

Man (at church confessing his sins): "Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl."

Priest: "How many times did you commit this terrible sin?"

Man: "Father, I came here to confess and not to brag."—(Carolina Buccaneer)

Boy: "You're not so cold in your new fur coat, are you?"

Pify: "I should say not!"

Boy: "Well, you're not so hot, either."—(Satyr)

**Famous People To Expect At
A Football Game**

A fellow behind you who knows every man on the team —

Someone who gets your seat muddy every time you stand up —

A pretty fair fluff in a red hat on the third row —
A coonskin coat which comes in late with one of the brothers —

Some babe in an outgrown (in places) coat who insists in walking up and down, back and forth (or however she does it) in front of the stands to speak to her many friends.—(Dirge)

"Saturday Post" Sales Boy: "Buy a 'Post,' mister, and read all about Lindbergh."

The Lone Eagle: "Why, I'm Lindbergh, sonny."

"S. P." S. B.: "Yeh? Then maybe you'd like to read about Greta Garbo, or is she your mother?"—(Purple Parrot)

Stude: "These girls are a couple of bias babies."

Student: "What do you mean—bias?"

Stude: "Oh, buy us this, and buy us that."

—(Wampus)

Ideal

Voice from Car: "Shay, Offisher, is thish the way to go to the football game?"

Badge-Bearer: "You bet. And if I wasn't a cop I'd go that way too."—(Widow)

Gotrox: "And remember, my good man, there is no such word as 'ain't'."

No Dough: "Maybe yer right, but did yez ever try to light a match on a cake of soap?"—(Dirge)

The
**Bethlehem Globe
 Times**

A REAL
 HOME
 NEWSPAPER

BOOTH PHONE 9244

MAX'S SMOKE SHOP

127 West Fourth Street, Bethlehem (So. Side), Pa.
 (Two Doors Above Post Office)

THE MEALEY AUDITORIUM
 ALLENTOWN, PA.

Thursday, October 10th
 Fess Williams and His Victor Recording Orchestra

DANCING EVERY
 Tuesday - Thursday - Saturday



"Sandy, what would you do if your friend MacIntosh offered you a Life Saver?"

"Hoot mon, it would take my breath away."

Housewife (to garbage man): "Am I too late for the garbage?"
 G. M.: "No, ma'am; jump right in."—(Put)

Victim: "I think the lights are going out; are you afraid?"

Co-ed: "Not if you'll take that cigarette out of your mouth."—(Jack-o'-Lantern)

"Come forth, come forth, Ben Hur!" shrieked Iras.

But he came fifth and just escaped pyorrhea.
 —(Purple Cow)

The One and Only

Owner of Collitch Car on Witness Stand: "And then the truck bumped the fender on my car."

Attorney: "Which fender?"

Witness: "The fender."—(Octopus)

Vaudeville Singer: "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd Lay Me Down and Die."

Listener (rising): "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?"—(Boston Transcript)

Society Brand Clothes DISTINCTION

is the word in College clothes to-day. There's only one way to achieve—buy the kind that are correctly cut, that are known everywhere for the perfect smartness of their design and tailoring. Society Brand, of course. We have them, in the new styles, the distinctive styles, for Fall.

Tom Bass
MEN'S WEAR

FOURTH AND NEW STREETS

WE PRINT
THE
LEHIGH BURR

Let us talk it over for that next

PRINTING JOB

Quinlin Printing Co.
317 SOUTH NEW STREET

Switchcraft
The Bride (at the telephone): "Oh, John, do come home. I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice box is singing, 'I Wonder What's Become of Sally'."—(Rust Craft Rustler)

Radio
"What's the matter with that music?"
"It's just coming out of ether."

One of the Gallery Gods
Eeny: "Did you have a good seat at the show last night?"
Meeny: "Now, punk. Every time I laughed I hit my head on the ceiling."—(Punch Bowl)

"How does Rose like your new moustache?"
"Darn it, I forgot to show it to her."—(Punch Bowl)

THE NEW Wee Tea Room

Mrs. Blanche Dorsey, Prop.

320 BROADHEAD AVENUE
Bethlehem, Pa.

Meals and Refreshments Served

STUDENTS' MEAL TICKETS

Twenty-One Meals for \$8,
for One Week.

To avoid that run-down feeling, "Cross Crossings Cautiously."—(Rust Craft Rustler)

Stubs: "I hear you were upset by the bank failure?"
Dubbs: "I should say so. I completely lost my balance."—(Lafayette Lyre)

"Is that water warm?"
"It ought to be, it's been running thirty minutes."—(Annapolis Log)

Edward: "You are the sunshine of my life! You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud."

Eva: "Is this a proposal or a weather report?"—(Wasp)

What would a Sigma Chi do with a brunette sweetheart?—(The Pitt Panther)

C. E. WOOD HAGER
Custom Shirts
Men's Wear
621 HAMILTON STREET
Allentown, Pa.

BILL HAGER, '23
Representative

PATRONIZE THE
**SUPPLY
BUREAU**



HIGH BRIDGE OVER HARLEM RIVER — NEW YORK

McClintic-Marshall

BRIDGES, BUILDINGS AND OTHER STRUCTURES OF STEEL

C. D. MARSHALL	'88	L. A. WALKER	'08	W. R. DRAKE	'24
H. H. McCLINTIC	'88	G. A. CAFFALL	'10	A. S. HALTEMAN	'26
R. W. KNIGHT	'94	LESLIE ALLEN	'16	W. R. STEVENS	'26
G. R. ENSCOE	'96	W. A. CANNON	'16	R. R. WEAVER	'26
C. M. DENISE	'98	J. N. MARSHALL	'20	V. I. VARGA	'27
T. L. CANNON	'03	J. H. WAGNER	'20	C. F. CLASS	'28
E. F. GOHL	'07	G. L. GAISER	'22	R. A. CANNING	'28
F. U. KENNEDY	'07	C. S. SATTERTHWAIT	'22	R. J. ALBRIGHT	'29
R. MacMINN	'07	J. F. MOYER	'23	G. S. ENSCOE	'29
		I. F. KURTZ	'23	J. B. REILL	'29

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Write for our booklet "Highway and Railroad Bridges"

The Bethlehem National Bank

Opposite South Side Market House

Capital and Surplus	- - -	\$1,000,000
Resources	- - -	\$9,000,000

ROBERT PFEIFLE, President
 CHAS. P. HOFFMAN, Vice-President
 PHILIP J. BYRNE, Vice-President and Cashier
 FRED T. BECKEL, Assistant Cashier
 H. D. CLESS, Assistant Cashier
 E. F. FEHNEL, Trust Officer

STUDENT ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

Open Saturday Evenings, 7 to 9 o'clock.

Rau & Arnold
 TAILORS
 MEN'S WEAR

Braeburn University Clothes

FOURTH AND VINE STS.

PHONE 3532

"Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' the Charleston."

"Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin' the Black Bottom!"—(Crimson)

(Scratching): "How do you get rid of these damn cooties?"

"That's easy. Take a bath in sand and rub down in alcohol. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."—(Purple Cow)

"Hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through a brick wall?"

"No. What's he call it?"

"A window, sap!"—(Yale Record)

Although there are many diseases prevalent in the country, by far the commonest is high-blonde pressure.—(Purple Parrot)

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the sweet co-ed, as she yanked the kid brother from under the sofa."—(Whirlwind)

... off the tee it's **DISTANCE!**



... in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"PROMISES FILL no sack" . . . it is not words, but *taste*, that makes you enjoy a cigarette.

But you're entitled to *all* the fragrance and flavor that fine tobaccos can give; don't be content with less. You *can* expect better taste, richer aroma, from Chesterfields — because in making them, we put taste first —

"TASTE above everything"



MILD . . . and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



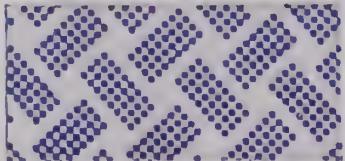
For autumn: **BLUE!**
take your choice
of
A RABLUES
\$1.95
at **everywhere**

Every good tailor will tell you that we are on the eve of the liveliest, bluest autumn in history . . . so ARROW offers a brilliant collection of special blue fabrics that harmonize with the infinite variety of handsome blues in suiting-textures. Only ARROW SHIRTS have ARROW COLLARS. And only ARROW, as America's foremost men's linen house, could spread this blue collection before you so reasonably.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.
TROY, N. Y.

Makers of ARROW
Collars, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Underwear

ARROW ARABLU SHIRTS



Each *Arablu* is available in two distinct styles: (1) with ARROW COLLAR of the same fine fabric attached; (2) with two ARROW COLLARS starched to match, Hempstead mo-



